

At Our Best By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

THE best clock ever made strikes twelve but twice in twenty-four hours. For every time, therefore, that it strikes twelve it strikes LESS than twelve every day.

It hits the high water mark twice every day and misses it twenty-two times.

Now your life and mine are like the clock—it is impossible even for the best of us to hit the meridian right along. It is as certain as fate that as a rule we will fall far short of it.

Montaigne, one of the wisest men that ever lived and one of the closest observers of the facts of human nature, declared that in forming our estimate of the worth or worthlessness of a man's living we ought to base our conclusion upon the man's ordinary, rather than upon his extraordinary, showing.

Catch him when nobody is looking at him, when, being off-guard, he is himself and induces the same uncertainty and the same hesitancy.

Strikes the average, instead of going by the rare and the exceptional. We should feel that we are doing well if our average is on the right side of the ledger. He is both foolish and unfair who expects to be 100 per cent. on the right side of the reckoning.

Webster made a famous "Reply to Hayne," and an equally famous "Bunker Hill Monument Oration," as well as some other remarkable speeches; but you know very little of Webster's work if you think that all of his oratorical effort went on a par with those we have mentioned.

Horace Greeley, Dana, Fremont, Raymond were beyond great editorial writers, but they did not write great editorials every day. It was only when they were at the top-notch of their physical and mental condition, inspired, as it were by the great comic influences that come only occasionally to a man, that they were able to throw off the work that gave them immortality.

This rule of the average applies to human life in all its phases—to the life that one lives in the sight of his fellows, and to the inner, hidden life that no one but one's self knows about.

The life without and the life within are just like a day in April—the sunshine and the shadows, the blue sky and the cloud mingling themselves in the most freakish way imaginable.

Today you are a saint, almost a demigod, and to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, you are neither saintly, nor heroic, nor anything approximating them.

And behind the veil of the "fashionable man" in the silent precincts of the soul, you experience the same uncertainty and the same hesitancy.

One day you would not exchange the gladness that thrills you for the "rapture of the Saints in Glory," and the next day you are willing to bet your bottom dollar that "devil with devil damned" is not so infernally wretched as you are.

The legitimate conclusion from all this is, that, on the one side we should beware of the "swelled head," and on the other of a too strong self-depreciation.

Life should be looked upon as a COMPROMISE upon the principle of "Give and Take."

Certainly, if we succeed in doing as well as the best clock does, which strikes twelve twice in twenty-four hours and misses it twenty-two times, we ought to consider ourselves fairly lucky.

Glimpses Into New York Shops

IN the recent "Fourth Season" millinery showings there were no striking novelties. It seemed just a continuation of the fall styles. Most of the hats were in medium and small shapes. Many fared away from the face in front and the close-fitting turbans and toques were prominent. Turbans were in duvety and velvet and combined many colors. The fitted velvet is a new note in millinery and is very effective. A toque of fitted velvet in one of the new red tones has a crown of mole finished off with a heavy metal cord ending in a tassel at the side, and it is much admired.

The imported gowns show a decided favor for the loose, straight cut. Sometimes this panel is full length or it may be half length, and again it extends only to the waist line. Several new models show graceful low waist line in the front.

The wide angora or brush wool shoulder scarf is often worn with suit. A very narrow belt confines the waist in the front at the waist line. This would make a practical Christmas gift. All shops are featuring these scarves and there is an unlimited variety in colors and combinations.

If you have bias strips of Georgette, tulle or de Chine or soft silks in the scrap bag make them up into narrow ties to slip under the collar and fall down.

A new dress model in one of the shops has the short sleeves reaching several inches above the elbow and back panel. The dress is finished off with a fur collar that reaches to the ears.

Angora is appearing in greater quantities and larger varieties—probably due to the fact that this fabric will be largely used for sports garments and it will be a high class fabric for the Southern trip when these garments will be in demand.

If the man of the house is going to give his wife material for a dress this Christmas, as many husbands do, he should select either a tricot, serge, duvety or velvet. It is to be right up to the minute in style, and it will be a good investment, as these fabrics will remain fashionable another season.

What Is Your Kick?

Here are some kicks sent to The Evening World to-day. They will interest you. You will agree with many of these people. What's your kick? Write it out and send it to the Kick Editor of The Evening World. Write also your opinion of what these other New Yorkers have to say.

Rest Frontiers. New York, Nov. 7.

How long will we have to submit to the "kick editor"? Mine is easy compared to some others. He raised it only \$7 at one clip, which I had to pay on the 1st inst., and it not willing to pay, say, yet it is not in the most "fashionable part" of the city. But what's the use?

A Kind Word for Tobacco. New York, Nov. 6.

Who is this reformer who wants to impose his nineteenth amendment upon the people of the U. S. A.? They have put over one deal on the principle because the men of America were fighting overseas, but if they think that they can work the same game a second time they are much mistaken.

Sugar for Candles. Brooklyn, Nov. 7.

Having read with interest and sympathy with all the "kickers," and as you are cordially inviting more, I wish to register a few of my own. The "kick editor" is a "sugar shortage," which there would be no need of if there could be a curb on "candy luxury," as I have seen with my own eyes that candy factories have rows of barrels of that "precious sweet article" stored up, and we have to beg for one-half pound for household necessities.

Railroad Workers. New York City, Nov. 7.

When I read the wage scale of soft coal miners I was surprised to see the little money they receive for the work they do, also endangering their lives. I am a railroad worker, and if the Government hadn't taken the roads over the same condition might have resulted as the coal strike. We are called to work at all times, be it night or day, rain or shine, cold or warm, holiday or work day, and we go with a light heart because we are treated fairly.

Should the Government turn the roads back to private ownership after

the first of the new year they not look into the grievance of coal miners, and maybe there will be an understanding as other industries are helped.

A RAILROAD WORKER. Landlord and Tenant. New York, Nov. 5.

To the "Kick" Editor:

I've been reading all the kick stories in The Evening World and am pretty sure many of the kicks were very much like this one, but please do not overlook mine, and try to put it in print as soon as possible. What is it about? The inevitable rent increase.

What do you think of a landlord who, without one day's notice, increases your rent from twenty dollars per month to thirty-five for a heatless flat, where one has to almost die of the "shimmer" mornings before getting into their clothes?

Isn't there some way to get after these fellows and crush them? Must it go on like this much longer?

A GIRL KICK READER.

LEAVE IT TO LOU



The Heritage of The Desert

The Sweep of Circling Mountain Ranges, the Light and Color of the Desert, the Romance and Glamour of the Great Southwest—All Blend in This Gripping Story of Love and Adventure—The Old Days of the Open Range, the Indian Wars and the Conquest of the Desert Are Gone, but in This Story They Live Again

(Copyright, 1919, by Harner and Brochman.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Hare, a young Kansan, is found dying in the desert by a band of Mormons headed by Pahreah. The band was sent to the desert to punish him for his refusal to join them. Hare was found by a Mormon named Zerk, who took him to his home. Hare was cured of his wounds and stayed at Zerk's home for some time. Zerk was a kind and generous man, and Hare was grateful to him. Hare was then sent back to his home, but he was not allowed to leave the desert. Hare was then sent to a new home, but he was not allowed to leave the desert. Hare was then sent to a new home, but he was not allowed to leave the desert.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN thought came clearly to him he halted irresolute. For Mescal's sake he must not appear to have had any part in her headlong flight, or any knowledge of it.

Peering through the gloom until assured he was safe from observation, and taking the dark side of the house, he gained the hall and his room. He threw himself on his bed, and endeavored to compose himself, to quiet his vibrating nerves, to still the triumphant beat of his heart.

While Hare lay there, trying to gather his shattered senses, the merry sound of voices and the music of an accordion hummed from the big living room next to his. Presently heavy boots thumped on the floor of the hall; then a hand rapped on his door. "Jack, are you there?" called August Naab.

"Come along, then," Hare rose, opened the door and followed August. The room was bright with lights; the table was set, and the Naabs, large and small, were standing expectantly. As Hare found a place behind them Snap Naab entered with his wife. She was as pale as if she were in her shroud. Hare caught Mother Ruth's pitying subdued glance as she threw the frail little woman to his side. When August Naab began nattering his Bible the whispering ceased.

"Why don't they fetch her?" he questioned.

"Judith Esther, bring her in," said Mother Ruth, calling into the hallway.

Quick footsteps, and the girls burst in impulsively, exclaiming: "Mescal's not there!"

"Where is she, then?" demanded August Naab, going to the door.

"Mescal" he called.

Succeeding a hortatory summons only the cheery sputter of the wood fire broke the silence.

"She hadn't put on her white frock," he said.

"Her buckskins aren't hanging where they always are," continued Mother Ruth.

August Naab laid his Bible on the table, and said: "I always looked for it, he said simply.

"She's gone!" cried Snap Naab. He ran into the hall, into Mescal's room, and returned trailing the white wedding dress. "The time we thought she spent to put this on she's been—" He choked over the words, and sank into a chair, face convulsed, hands shaking. Mescal was not in his room. Suddenly he flung the dress into the fire. His wife felt to the floor in a dead faint. Then the desert hawk showed his claws. His hands tore at the close scarf round his throat, as if to liberate a fury that was stifling him; his face lost all semblance to anything human. He began to howl, to rave, to curse; and his father circled him with iron arm and dragged him from the room.

Morning disclosed the facts of Mescal's flight. She had dressed for the trail; a knapsack was missing and gone enough to fill it; Wolf was gone. Noddle was not in his corner. The moon slave had not slept in his shack; there were moccasin tracks and burro tracks and dog tracks in the sand at the river crossing, and one of the boats was gone. This boat was not moored to the opposite shore. Questions arose. Had the boat sunk? Had the fugitives crossed safely or had they drifted into the canyon? Dave Naab rode out along the river and saw the boat, a mile below the rapids, bottom side up and lodged on a sand-bar.

"She got across and then set the boat loose," said August. "That's the Indian of her. If she went up on the cliffs to the Navajos maybe we'll find her. If she went into the Painted Desert—" a grave shake of his shaggy head completed his sentence.

Morning also disclosed Snap Naab's mood more in the clutch of his demon, frantically unconscious, lying like a log on the porch of his cottage.

"This means ruin to him," said his father. "If he had once chance to be



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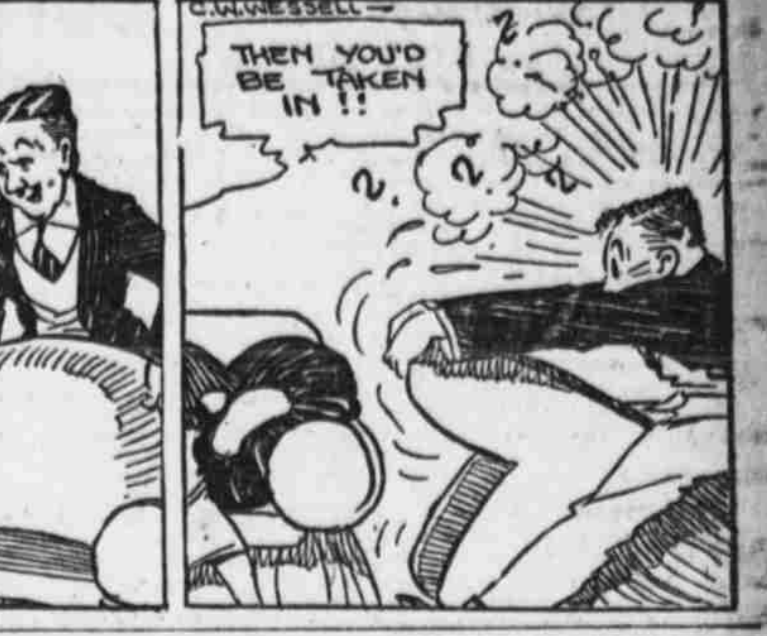
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And Shown the Chute, Too!



The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

The Story of the Bluebell.

HIS little flower grew in a deep valley. There were hills on every side, which, of course, made the valley very dark. Just above the flower's head was a strip of blue sky. Every night the stars would smile at this little flower. The flower loved the blue sky, so both night and day the flower was happy.

One day a strange thing happened. The little flower turned blue. This is the way with little children; they grow to be like what they love.

By WILLIAM CROSBY.
New York City, age twelve years.

Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

My dear Kiddies:

Right this minute my big, fat-topped desk is a veritable garden. Bright flower faces of every shape and hue are there, and they look up at me as though they would say "again—your draw!" He tore a branch from a cedar and slashed both horses. They plunged out of the ride and clattering over the stones, brushing the cedars, disappeared. Dave groped blindly back toward his brothers.

"Zerk, this is awful. Are you sure by Snap! And my friend! Who's to tell father?"

Then Hare sat up, leaning against the fence, his shirt open and his bare shoulder bloody. His face was pale, but his eyes were smiling. "Cheer up, Dave. I'm not dead yet."

"Sure he's not," said Zerk. "He dashed none too soon. Ar too late, and caught the bullet high up in the shoulder."

Dave sat down very quietly without a word, and the hand he laid on Hare's knee shook a little.

"When I saw George go for his gun," went on Zerk, "I knew there'd be a fight. I saw him. I saw him. I wasn't stopped, as I just said Jack was dead."

"Do you think he came over to get me," asked Hare.

"No doubt," replied Dave, lifting his face and wiping the sweat from his brow. "I knew that from the first, but I was so dazed by Snap's going over my head, I couldn't keep my wits, and I didn't mark Snap edging over till too late."

"Listen, I hear horses," said Zerk, looking up from his task over Hare's wound.

"It's Billy, up on the home trail," added George. "Yes, and there's father with him. Good Lord, must we tell him?"

"Some one must tell him," answered Dave.

"That'll be you, then. You always do the talking."

August Naab galloped into the glade and swung himself out of the saddle. "I heard a shot. What's this? Who's hurt?—Hare!"

Dave Naab hid his face while he told of his brother's treachery; the others turned away, and Hare closed his eyes.

For long moments there was silence broken only by the tramp of the old man as he strode heavily to and fro. At last the footsteps ceased, and Hare opened his eyes to see Naab's tall form erect, his arms uplifted, his shaggy head bowed.

"Hare," began August, presently. "I'm responsible for this cowardly attack on you. I brought you out here, the third time. I see, but tell me, do you remember that I said you must meet Snap as man to man?"

"Yes."

"Don't you want to live?"

"Of course."

"You hold to no Mormon creed?"

"Why, no," Hare replied, wonderingly.

"What was the reason I taught you my trick with a gun?"

"I suppose it was to help me to defend myself."

"Then why do you let yourself be shot down by the team of the old man as he strode heavily to and fro. You hang up your gun? Why didn't you draw on Snap? Was it because of his father, his brothers, his family?"

"Partly, but not altogether," replied Hare, slowly. "I didn't know before what I knew now. My flesh ached at the thought of killing a man, even to save my own life; and to kill—my son."

"No son of mine!" thundered Naab. "Remember the when next you meet, I don't want your blood on my hands. Don't stand to be killed like a sheep! If you have felt duty to me, I release you."

Zerk finished bandaging the wound. Making a bed of blankets he lifted Hare into it, and covered him, cautioning him to lie still. Hare had a sensation of extreme lassitude, a deep drowsiness which permeated even to his bones. There were intervals of oblivion, then a time when the stars blinked in his eyes; he heard the

THE LIFE OF AN EGG.

At first when I gazed on this world I thought it was made up of eggs. I was told that eggs were warm. Three other eggs were my companions. As I was thus looking around a gentle hand picked me up and put me in a basket with a great many other eggs.

I was then packed in a large box with a great deal of straw and put on a noisy thing called a train. I was then packed in a large box with a great deal of straw and put on a noisy thing called a train. I was then packed in a large box with a great deal of straw and put on a noisy thing called a train.

THE KID CLUB.

The Kid Club is the place for all good girls and boys. I am going to get new members. To help me share the joy.

By RICHARD HARDEN.

THE OCTOBER CONTEST HONORABLE MENTION.

The following names are those of the children whose paintings were nearest to the award winners in merit:

Nine-Year Class—Howard Roper.
Ten-Year Class—Mildred Leininger, Conrad Huether, Helen Goldberg.
Eleven-Year Class—Eleanor Liock, Lillian Wilson, Lillian Lawrence, Edna Morcher, Helen Lyngst, Francis Keenan.
Twelve-Year Class—Elsie V. Spoerl, Alma Rosnick, Martha Sebring, Elizabeth Gaupier.
Thirteen-Year Class—Helen Gun-

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.

Beginning with my own pin, I am going to get new members. I am going to get new members. I am going to get new members.

COUPON NO. 543

TO-DAY'S ANNIVERSARY

A New Planet in Taurus.

On the night of Nov. 8, 1919, while the world was knitting up its cares in slumber, a vigil was kept by Hind, the astronomer, on his homestead in London. "A planet swam into his ken." It was in the constellation Taurus the Bull. The planet was named Euterpe after the Muse of Music. It was the ninth planet discovered by Hind, and it raised the number of the amazing group of worlds between Mars and Jupiter to 27. Taurus is the most beautiful of the zodiacal constellations. It has Aldebaran and the cluster of the Pleiades.